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ART. II. — *Reliquiæ Turellæ, et Lachrymæ Paternæ. Two Sermons Preach'd at Medford, April 6, 1735.* By BENJAMIN COLMAN, D. D. *The Lord's Day after the Funeral of his beloved Daughter, Mrs. Jane Turell. To which are added some large Memoirs of her Life and Death.* By her Consort, the Reverend MR. EBENEZER TURELL, M. A., Pastor of the Church in Medford. Boston: Printed by S. Kneeland and T. Green, for J. Edwards and H. Foster, in Cornhill. 1735.

It is with a timid reluctance that the historian attempts to sketch any character which seems misplaced in his chronological series. There are so many to attribute to him an excessive credulity, or at least a palpable want of perception, that he may well be pardoned if he prefer to deal with broad generalities, and to describe his heroes and heroines as mere variations of a type which has been duly investigated and located by the concurrent voice of his predecessors. Yet, should the traveler discover, amid the slightly second-growth of our forest, a half-erased mound, a spring gushing from a rocky source, bearing a faint evidence of human skill once bestowed on it, or if, more fortunate still, he discern, in some retired nook, a flower of foreign parentage still maintaining a struggle with the unkindly elements, and, though shorn of its primal beauty, still evidencing a former fostering care, to him there is an attraction in the sight, which outweighs for the moment that of the loveliest landscape which Nature can unfold before him. The spirit of romance asserts its sway, even if but for a moment, and his mind runs riot in the labyrinth of the past.

With a similar feeling, the student will find himself watching the faint impression which has reached him of some person whose life is as distinct from that of the average of his or her associates as though the magic sleep of a century had been realized. Such instances are not rare in our annals, though perhaps locality rather than time has been the bewildering agent. Our Indian wars are still re-enacted in the far West, and with the ever-widening stream of progress the chain of coincidences has been perpetuated. We can trace

the sorrowful story of captivity and death, from our firesides at Cambridge, Haverhill, and Brookfield, to Wyoming and Detroit, and now to the confines of civilization on the Western prairies. The pulpit has furnished its devoted apostles, in a series, reaching from the discovery of America to the present day; while our soldiery has its traditionary glories, from Miles Standish to George Washington.

Notwithstanding that these records show the inherent vitality of the race, and the ineffaceable character of its predominant traits, occasionally, in the more mobile features, curious changes have occurred. The Boston of 1660 is not more changed in the Boston of to-day as to its exterior aspect than as to the character of its citizens. This change we dignify by the term of progress; and our ancestors we allow to have been very proper personages, considering their limited advantages. Here and there, however, there comes a ripple in the stream, which shows the presence of a disturbing agent. Puritanism, after all, was not so inflexible a type; and civilization may have found, here and there, a mind able to appreciate it. Giles Cory, pressed to death, is a step in advance of his judges; Anne Hutchinson is not unworthy of praise from her protesting sister of the present day. These cases, however, inspire more curiosity than admiration; but we are about to cite an anomaly which interests and rewards us.

To find in that hot-bed of Puritanism, the family of a Boston minister of great reputation during the first portion of the eighteenth century, a romance of impetuous love and self-sacrifice, is sufficiently startling. To find that the daughter of such a pastor was gifted with the divine art of poetry in no scanty measure, and, still more, that she exercised her powers on mundane subjects with the approbation of her father, goes far to disturb our ordinary view of that period. We can cite but one more marvel, which is, that her excellences have been transmitted to us in print, and by one who seems to have appreciated beauties for which he felt constrained to apologize.

“Mrs. Jane Turell was born at Boston, Feb. 25th, 1708, of Parents Honourable and Religious.” Her father, Rev. Dr. Benjamin Colman, was also a native of Boston, descended from a family resident in Suffolk, England, and was at this

time one of the favorite ministers of the town. Early inclined to the work of the ministry, he had finished his collegiate course with credit, had preached a few months at Medford, and had embarked for England in 1695, to improve himself by study there. Misfortunes attended him, however; for he was captured by pirates and carried prisoner to France, and he finally arrived at London, without money, and without the letters of credence with which his friends had provided him. This experience might well seem severe to a young man whose health had been so delicate that, when he was graduated, the audience concluded he was designed for only a few weeks of life; but he had given evidence of a serene courage, and, on occasion, of a "muscular Christianity," which indicated considerable vitality. We may conclude that his hardships proved blessings to him; for his frame received a strength which it required more than "threescore years and ten" to exhaust, and his mind acquired a firmness and healthy tone as foreign to a pupil of the Mathers as was the Christian charity he displayed.

His sojourn in England lasted some four years, during which he made the acquaintance of many prominent divines, and especially was favored with the friendship of Mrs. Elizabeth Singer of Bath, whose talents and character were the admiration of all Dissenters. Soon after his recall to Boston, under the very gratifying circumstances of an invitation from Thomas Brattle and others to assume the pastorate of a new church, he married Jane, daughter of Thomas Clark, a prominent merchant of the town, who resided where the Albion House now stands, on Tremont Street. He was thus connected with one of those family cliques for which Boston has always been noted; his brother-in-law being Hon. John Jeffries, whose relations, the Ushers, Jaffreys, Wentworths, and others, constituted a little circle of high consideration. These minutiae may seem trivial, but we can assure our readers that they form no insignificant test of the estimation in which our young divine was held, and to him the point of social position was a most important element in the comfort of his daily life.

The issue of this marriage was two daughters, Jane and Abigail, whose lives we propose to trace.

The birth of the elder of these, Jane, must have been the source of peculiar gratification to a man like Dr. Colman, in whom parental affection was especially strong, and who had seen two children born but to die. We can believe that in his eyes no defect would be visible, and every excellence would be inimitable; but we may safely accept his record of her early years as truth, because no other introduction would harmonize with her after-life. "Wonderful weak and tender" was the minister's blossom, and yet fearfully precocious. "Before her second year was completed, she could relate many stories out of the Scriptures, to the satisfaction of the most judicious," among whom we may reckon "Governour Dudley, and other Wise and Polite Gentlemen," who witnessed her performances, no doubt, with a solemn wonder, and sedate thanksgiving that they had such proofs of this inherited piety. Before she was four years old, "she could say the greater Part of the Assembly's Catechism, and propound many astonishing Questions about divine Mysteries"; and, with all proper respect for sacred things, we may add, she lived through all this. Thus far, though her life had been worthy of notice, the interest excited was of a kind to be expected from her position; and had she trodden the path marked by so many little footprints, before and since, of innocents prematurely hurried from a world which they might have been spared to bless, her biography might have rested undisturbed for another hundred years. Her narrow escape from this fate impels us to pause for a moment, to consider the system under which she was so nearly sacrificed, and to inquire if it ever effects results worthy of the price it demands.

When we read the life of one of these unfortunates, skilled before they can walk in polemical niceties, disquieted by imaginations which they will never live to embody, and wrestling at times with unknit frames with terrors which bow down the sturdiest pride of manhood, we can hardly restrain our abhorrence of the iniquitous trial to which they have been exposed.

We may imagine that some inkling of the probable result of this infantile maturity reached the heart of the parent, if not of the pastor, and a more wholesome system of education was adopted. A letter of her father's, written to her when she

was ten years old, inculcates not only piety, but a regard to bodily health and social requirements.

At an early age commenced the display of her talents for versification, in which she was encouraged by her father, who had, even more than his colleagues, a weakness for inculcating piety in metre, as his works still testify. "Before she had seen eighteen," her husband relates, "she had read, and in some measure digested, all the English *Poetry*, and polite Pieces in *Prose*, printed and Manuscripts in her Father's well-furnished Library; and much she borrowed of her Friends and Acquaintances. She had indeed such a Thirst after Knowledge, that the Leisure of the Day did not suffice, but she spent whole Nights in reading."

We have said that her father was a friend of the "lovely Philomela," Mrs. Singer, and the daughter paid a poetic tribute to her merits in one of her earliest essays. Sir Richard Blackmore, "not the First of Poets, but one of the best of them," as Dr. Colman held, better known to us as the writer of an epic on Alfred, which critics are content to cite as of a "ponderous dulness" too vast to be assailed, was the subject of a panegyric, prompted no doubt by a desire to please her father, since Waller's verses excited her especial admiration, and to admire was to appreciate the distance between the versifier and the poet. We have, however, always felt a tender regard for her lines on Blackmore, since we obtained from the promiscuous collections of a bookseller the identical copy of his Paraphrase of Job which had been in her possession and was enriched with her autograph,—sole relic, perhaps, of that "mass of her books and manuscripts" tenderly preserved by her husband, only to encounter a rude dispersion by careless hands a quarter of a century ago. A few verses, mostly paraphrases of Scripture, written at this time, have been preserved; but some "Pieces of Wit and Humour, which if published would give a brighter Idea of her to some sort of Readers," her husband chose "to omit, though innocent enough," and we are left to imagine, from the few that remain, how graceful and tender her expressions on subjects so grateful to her disposition must have been.

Among the visitors to her father's house was Ebenezer

Turell, a young minister who had been settled at Medford in 1724, had studied for the ministry with Dr. Colman, and had succeeded him in the charge he had held in former years. "By the motions of God's Providence and spirit," as our young divine says, he was "first inclined to seek her Acquaintance about the Time she entered her nineteenth year." He found her accomplished and talented beyond his expectations; but his "high opinion of her good Taste" led him not to believe that his merits would find favor in her sight, yet, as he naively writes, made him "ready to excuse himself when she put him upon translating a Psalm or two." How long our modest divine would have remained entranced with the perfections of his goddess we can only guess; for devout poetess though she was, such an ethereal gallantry was too impalpable to suit a girl of eighteen, ready to bless a mortal with a good, hearty, and natural affection. We fear that the Rev. Dr. Colman was not entirely without a respect for his family's position when he allowed his portrait to be published in England with a coat of arms, that badge of gentility, engraved below it; nor his daughter destitute of the same feeling when she wrote in her diary that she thanked God, amongst other blessings, for "pious and honourable Parents, whereby I am favoured beyond many others." To condescend is the privilege of rank.

Our pretty precisian had already decided upon the character of the man whom, and whom alone, she would espouse. He must be "descended of pious and creditable Parents, be a strict moralist, sober, temperate, just and honest, diligent in his business, fixed in his religion, a constant attender on the public worship, and, above all, of a sweet and agreeable temper." Mr. Turell, it seems, combined the requisite qualities, but his admiration of the intellect had apparently made him unaware of the existence of the heart; and psalms after all are not so appropriate in some cases as sonnets. Perhaps, too, he was one of those mortals predestined to belong to the Swiveller school, in that they have little girls growing up for them to wed, and he had not discovered that his blossom had commenced to unfold. At all events, Jane Colman had decided upon the question of his destiny, and was disposed to

relieve him of any doubts about it so far as she was concerned. Tradition has preserved the following letter as being the means adopted : —

“ Sir, — You are to me the most agreeable person in the world ; and I should think myself happy if Providence should order it as I desire ; but, Sir, I must conceal my name, fearing you should expose me ; and if you do not incline to find me out, I must submit to my hard fate ; but if you comply with my desire, I am your obliged friend.”

Notwithstanding that doubts have been raised against the authenticity of this document, perhaps the care of Rev. Elias Nason, an esteemed clergyman, late of Medford, has discovered the solution of the mystery, by furnishing us with the following letter, which we copy, modernizing it for convenience : —

“ Medford, March 21, 1726.

DEAR MADAM : — This is to kiss your hand and to tell you you may, if you please, be the absolute mistress of the city of Medford ; for our Reverend [Mr.] Turell so admires your person and virtues and excellent accomplishments, that had he crowns and sceptres he would throw them all at your feet to obtain your favor. And indeed, Madam, if you were to be an empress you could not enjoy more happiness than [in] the sweet conversation of so excellent a pious and wise man. Madam, had I a daughter that he so much admires as your ladyship, and I could give her ten thousand pounds, he might command both her and that. Dear madam, there is nothing, in my present view, can make you more happy at this side Heaven. The Lord direct you ; which is the prayer of your most affectionate aunt, and humble servant,

ELIZABETH THOMAS.”

On the whole, we prefer to believe that this letter — written, who can doubt ? at the instigation of the lover, by one of those beneficent aunts who always untangle such love-knots — was the cause of the anonymous note of the maiden ; and we have no doubt in our own mind, that it was duly sent to the aunt with many modest blushes, and “ only as a jest,” with “ how foolish !” and “ of course he won’t see it !” and, in fine, with all those feminine arts, which, or their substitutes, are far older than Puritanism, perhaps far more natural.

Our minister having found his tongue, the wooing was not long, and on the 11th of August, 1726, the twain were made one. At Medford everything seemed calculated to afford

pleasure to the young wife. The town, originally planted by the agents of Matthew Cradock, and named after one of his estates, had increased rapidly, and, like many of our earlier settled towns, the inhabitants were mostly connected by ties of relationship. Brooks, Hall, Francis, Wade, Whitmore, Wyman, and Tufts are names still remaining on the records, as among the prominent supporters of town dignities and parochial labors. United by numerous intermarriages, and free from harassing causes of dispute in relation to the ordering of public affairs, the inhabitants of Medford were at this time an example of our colonial life seen under the happiest auspices. Nor was it until after the decease of Mrs. Turell that her husband became involved in those unhappy polemic outbreaks which attended the appearance of Whitefield within our limits. Our minister seems to have enjoyed many of the luxuries then considered reputable in one of his position; negro servants, good wines, and rich plate are among the traditional glories of his *régime*, and portions of the latter are still reverently preserved by his collateral descendants. Perhaps, however, these were portions of that "much spoil," which, like Cotton Mather, he rejoiced in after his later marriages; since they are not mentioned, or rather their possession is disclaimed, in the following lines, in which Mrs. Turell sends a filial invitation to her father.

"From the soft shades, and from the balmy sweets
Of Medford's flowery vales and green retreats,
Your absent *Delia* to her father sends,
And prays to see him ere the summer ends.

"Now while the earth's with beauteous verdure dyed,
And Flora paints the meads in all her pride;
While laden trees Pomona's bounty own,
And Ceres' treasures do the field adorn;
From the thick smokes and noisy town, O come,
And in these plains awhile forget your home.

"Though my small incomes never can afford,
Like wealthy Celsus, to regale a lord;
No ivory tables groan beneath the weight
Of sumptuous dishes, served in massy plate;
The forest ne'er was searched for food for me,
Nor from my hounds the timorous hare does flee;

No leaden thunder strikes the fowl in air,
Nor from my shaft the winged death do fear ;
With silken nets I ne'er the lake despoil,
Nor with my bait the larger fish beguile ;
No luscious sweetmeats, by my servants placed
In curious order, e'er my table graced ;
To please the taste, no rich Burgundian wine,
In crystal glasses on my sideboard shine ;
The luscious sweets of fair Canary's isle
Ne'er filled my casks, nor in my flagons smile ;
No wine but what does from my apples flow
My frugal house on any can bestow ;
Except when Cæsar's birthday does return,
And joyful fires throughout the village burn ;
Then, moderate, each one takes his cheerful glass,
And our good wishes to Augustus pass.

“ But though rich dainties never spread my board,
Nor my cool vaults Calabrian wines afford,
Yet what is neat and wholesome I can spread,
My good fat bacon, and our homely bread,
With which my healthy family is fed.
Milk from the cow, and butter newly churned,
And new fresh cheese, with curds and cream just turned.
For a dessert, upon my table 's seen
The golden apple and the melon green ;
The blushing peach and glossy plum there lie,
And with the mandrake tempt your hand and eye.

“ This I can give, and if you 'll here repair,
To slake your thirst a cask of autumn beer,
Reserved on purpose for your drinking here.

“ Under the spreading elms our limbs we 'll lay,
While fragrant zephyrs round our temples play.
Retired from courts and crowds, secure we 'll sit,
And freely feed upon our country treat.
No noisy faction here shall dare intrude,
Or once disturb our peaceful solitude.
No stately beds my humble roofs adorn,
Of costly purple, by carved panthers borne.
Nor can I boast Arabia's rich perfumes,
Diffusing odors through our stately rooms.
For me no fair Egyptian plies the loom,
But my fine linen all is made at home.
Though I no down or tapestry can spread,
A clean soft pillow shall support your head,

Filled with the wool from off my tender sheep,
On which with ease and safety you may sleep ;
The nightingale shall lull you to your rest,
And all be calm and still as is your breast."

The record of her life as the minister's wife is one of little excitement. Her duty to her husband and her example to his flock were both conscientiously fulfilled. Her letters remaining show that soon after her marriage she became deeply interested in religious matters. To her father she writes in a piteous strain, that her sin confounds her ; to her husband she magnifies the faults of her disposition, as though to be light-hearted were a sin ; but to the lasting credit of both father and husband, be it said that they were not deluded by this tenderness of conscience, and their counsel sustained and comforted her. Many were the trials of her heart in her family circle ; three children were born to her only to expire, and the fourth seems to have been of a delicate constitution, as he died young. Her mother, also, died in 1730, which was a great grief to her, and the subject of many of her writings.

Mrs. Turell died on the 26th of March, 1735, after a brief illness, during which, as her father states, she was sometimes oppressed by doubts of her fitness for death ; but her dying words were, "Thou hast delivered, Thou dost deliver, and I trust in Thee that Thou wilt still deliver."

Her death was felt throughout the whole range of her acquaintance, and called forth the volume which has served as our text.* Rev. John Adams eulogized her in lines perhaps faulty, but yet containing many touches of singular pathos : —

"The tender ties of nuptial life she graced,
And all the mother to the child expressed :
The best of daughters in her carriage shown,
She felt the friend, and charmed the weeping town.
Few were her words, but chose, and weighty too ;
We could not blame, but grieved they were so few.
A steady wisdom led her cautious life,
Concealed the whisper, and forbade the strife.
Deep contemplation tinged her serious mind,

* In 1741 an edition of this book was issued in London, by John Oswald, and the arrangement of the different parts of the volume was very much altered.

Broke through her eyes, and in her aspect shined ;
 Nor did her steadfast virtue e'er refuse,
 In gayer hours, her graver thoughts to loose ;
 Nor wit to lend its aid to innocence,
 To raise our pleasure, and to point her sense.
 Politely read, what various books she knew !
 Which on her mind unfading traces drew.
 Nor was she vain, nor stained with those neglects
 In which too learned females lose their sex."

Abigail, the younger daughter of Dr. Colman, was a sore cross to her family. Possessing as she did the poetic talents and excitable disposition of her father and sister, her vivacity seems to have led her to rebel against the yoke to which Jane submitted. Fond of books from her childhood, she seems to have imbibed delusive ideas from her favorite novels, which caused great uneasiness to her family. Her sister wrote to her soon after her marriage : " O my dear, let me beg of you not to spend any part of your precious Time in reading Romances or idle Poems, which tend only to raise false Ideas and impure Images in the Mind, and leave a vile Tincture upon it." Her father complains that she left his house, " to the Grief of her Friends and the Surprise of the Town." This seems to have been before her marriage, in September, 1737, to Mr. Albert Dennie of Boston, though whether on this account we do not learn.* Mr. Nason has preserved a letter from her to Mrs. Turell, dated 23 March, 1733 : —

" Not all my woes can make me wretched while
 My Delia does vouchsafe on me to smile.
 Though Alps and oceans keep you from my arms,
 Deprive me of the bliss to view those charms,—
 Yet still my fate permits me this relief,
 To write to lovely Delia all my grief.
 To you alone I venture to complain ;
 From others hourly strive to hide my pain.
 But Celia's face dissembles what she feels ;
 Affected looks her inward pain conceal.
 She sings, she dresses, and she talks and smiles, —

* Could this estrangement from her father have been caused by any question as to the disposal of the property left her by the terms of her grandfather's will ? At all events, in May, 1733, she had her uncle, John Colman of Boston, appointed her guardian, to take charge of her interests.

But these are all spectators to beguile.
 But when alone, and from restraint she's free,
 What undissembled sorrows would you see
 Could you then view her. In her pensive face,
 You might a thousand woes and miseries trace ;
 Amidst a thousand sighs and flowing tears,
 She has recourse to write to you her fears.
 My tenderest love unto the beauteous boy ; —
 Vouchsafe a line, nor all my hopes destroy.
 The unfortunate CELIA."

She was afterward reconciled to her father, who adopted her only child, John, and who said of her after her death, May 17, 1745, "My Dennie dies in Peace and Transports, that had made the greatest Breaches on me, and had given Scandal and offence to all in Point of filial Duty." Her brother-in-law, Turell, gives the following beautiful sketch of her death-bed : —

"She made an effort to utter some Lines of one of Dr. Watts' Hymns (most if not all of them were long before treasured in her Memory) : —

'Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
 And stretch and soar away.'

These last two words seemed to die on her Lips, and after a few easy Gasps she expired."

The reputation of Mrs. Turell must depend mainly upon the indications of her talent, rather than upon its remaining results ; yet the names of so few females can be found on the list of our early authors, and so many difficulties stood in their way, that they deserve a kindly mention and a lenient judgment. Mrs. Turell's example may have produced many imitators, since one of the Medford parishioners, a granddaughter of Deacon John Whitmore, is reported, by tradition, to have written beautiful hymns. How many others of the "mothers in Israel" ventured to exert their talents we shall never know, but every instance which transpires in the course of our historical investigations serves to bind the past to the present with a gentler chain.

It seems to us that the characters of these sisters, however imperfect may have been our portrayal, must suggest to our readers a doubt of the correctness of the usual idea of New

England character early in the eighteenth century. The plan of the leaders in the settlement of this Colony was most admirable ; but even as it had required the winnowing of three kingdoms to obtain the seed for this enterprise, so sure was it, that to preserve the true grain in another generation another separation would be required, and the chosen would be but a feeble minority. In this state of affairs the only reasonable course was fortunately pursued ; no withdrawal to the remote Western wilderness of those wedded to the good old cause occurred ; but the zealous church-members remained, preserving their integrity of principle in the midst of a community eager for imported follies, silently but powerfully influencing its course. New England followed in the steps of the mother country, though in a more decorous manner. As the riotous excesses of the Restoration were a necessary consequence of the severity of the Protectorate, so here, with the fall of the old Charter and the death of the pioneers came a sense of relief, which impelled the younger colonists to celebrate their release. John Dunton, in 1686, found no difficulty in disposing of his play-books and gallant romances, and his view of Boston society amazes those who read only Mather's *Magnalia* or Prince's more trustworthy *Annals*. That we did not then lose all our worth of character, and degrade our society to the tone of our English superiors, may be mainly attributed to the influence of the small number of those who, remaining faithful to the traditions of the fathers, formed a link in that ecclesiastical chain which connects John Cotton with Lyman Beecher. At this very time may be found members of our Trinitarian churches who would repeat the boldest actions of Cromwell's Puritans ; and this zeal — self-denying, unsparing, unquestioning, and ever aggressive — has been the predominant trait of New England character, its sole peculiarity, and the cause of its present position. A century after its culminating point, and when its descent to utter obscurity seemed inevitable, a single breath sufficed to revive its fire, and to this hour its history presents a persistent repetition of these phenomena. The iron becomes heated, its brilliant sparks fly upward before the admiring gaze of the civilized world, and then comes a veil of dark and cold ashes, betoken-

ing apparently the extinction of the saving heat; scepticism scoffs at the impotent conclusion, and infidelity would mould the cold metal to some barbarous form; but at length some propitious breath removes the covering, the glorious bloom reappears, and, bright and terrible as the brand of the Archangel, the sword of Faith shines forth in triumph. May such a character long remain the boast of New England.

One personage remains to be considered, — Rev. Ebenezer Turell. He did not long remain disconsolate, as he married, on the 23d of October, 1735, Lucy, daughter of Addington Davenport, who died May 17, 1759; and on the 21st of August, 1760, he married, thirdly, Jane, daughter of William Pepperrell of Kittery, who was then the widow of William Tyler. By this last marriage he became brother-in-law of his former father-in-law, Dr. Colman, who had married, Mary, another daughter of Pepperrell, and who survived him, to take a third husband. As Dr. Colman married three times, and his second wife was four times married and his third wife three times, while Turell's third wife was also three times wedded, we can conceive that the survivor must have had a numerous circle of connections, whose ramifications are a puzzle even to the professed genealogist. The only Mather connection, despite the Autocrat's rhymes, consists in the fact that Cotton Mather married a sister of John Clark, whose widow was the second wife of Dr. Colman.

Many are the curious relics that have been preserved, and among them especially should be noticed the family portraits. Thus, Mrs. Davenport, wife of Addington, leaves her daughter Turell her father's picture and "my picture"; to a grandson, two pictures of Mr. Secretary Addington; to a granddaughter, Jane Faneuil, "her father's picture"; to her niece, Mrs. Russell, "the picture of her Grandmother"; and to her niece, Elizabeth Wainwright, "the picture of her father." Some of these paintings are in the possession of Mrs. Richard Childs and Mrs. S. A. Armstrong, of Boston; and in such careful custody we can safely leave these interesting mementos of the olden time.